

SINGLE TAX MEN IN COUNCIL.

Members of the United Labor Party Who Believe in a Single Tax Discuss the Situation.

A public meeting of single tax men who believe that protectionism is inconsistent with the spirit of the Syracuse platform was held at Masonic temple on Tuesday evening, April 3. The chair was taken by Wilbur O. Eastlake, and the hall was fairly filled.

In his opening remarks the chairman announced the purpose of the meeting. It had been called at the request of members of the united labor party who desired to express their ideas as to what should constitute the principles of the party in the coming national campaign. The originators of the meeting felt that the declaration of principles in the Syracuse platform was one which meant that a single tax should be a single tax alone. (Applause.) "It seems to us," said Mr. Eastlake, "that no person who is in favor of a single tax can be at the same time a protectionist. (Applause.) We hold that any law which restricts a man in his liberty or makes him work longer than he should work to produce what he desires, is a restriction of his liberty and a denial of the rights guaranteed to him in the Declaration of Independence." (Applause.)

W. J. Gorsuch was the first speaker. He spoke of the lesson that the American people had been learning for the past twenty years and more—that while under the protective system the protected industries have waxed fat and mighty in the land until to-day they can back Gould in his defiance of the law, yet the wages of the men who built up these industries have steadily declined. (Applause.) We have had an absolute demonstration that the profits of the manufacturer do not gauge the wages of the worker; that the wages of the worker depend upon the number and persistency of the competitors for that or this job; that capital or protected industries always consider "Where can I buy labor cheapest?"

Mr. Gorsuch spoke of the manner in which diversities of soil, climate and location compel a diversity of industries. "Here," he said, "are two pieces of land; on one you can grow potatoes better than turnips; on the other you can grow turnips better than potatoes. The most ignorant would naturally say that it would be better, instead of each man trying to raise both turnips and potatoes, that each should devote his whole energy to the raising of potatoes and the other to the raising of turnips. They could exchange that for which they had no use, and both would have more turnips and more potatoes with less labor; and here is free trade in a nut shell. Because men live in different parts of the earth, separated by oceans or rivers, or arbitrary lines, they are not necessarily enemies. We, in this party, believe that all men are brothers (applause); we assert and believe in the *fatherhood of nature and of God* (applause); and if our brothers across the water wish to debase us with their cheap goods, it is incumbent upon us to accept the deluge and heap coals of fire upon their heads by redoubling them in turn. If they overwhelm us with turnips, let us send back the ships which brought them loaded to the full with potatoes."

"In asserting the single tax—the taxation of land values alone—we do not believe in saying in one breath 'I believe in the single tax principle,' and in the next jumping to the front a double headed monster called a single-double tax. (Applause.) We have opposed both the republican and democratic parties, but the steady advance of thought has awakened those parties to the knowledge that something must be done. The man in the White house has stepped forward and, however falteringly, has pointed in the direction of freedom.

"Now here is a great party, thoroughly equipped and organized. It says we are willing to go thus far with you. Must we assume an innate superiority and answer, 'Get thee behind me, Satan' or tell them that as far as they travel along our road we will help them, and part company when they quit going our way?"

The speaker then quoted the following clause from the Syracuse platform:

"We do not propose that the state shall attempt to control production, conduct distribution, or otherwise interfere with the freedom of the individual to use his labor or capital in any way that may not interfere with the equal rights of others. Nor do we propose that the state shall take possession of land and either work it or rent it out. What we propose is not the disturbing of any man in his holding or title, but by abolishing all taxes on industry or its products, to leave to the producer the full fruits of his exertion."

"If the abolishing of all taxes on industry or its products," said the speaker, "does not mean free trade, then I cannot understand English."

Mr. Gorsuch's speech was attentively listened to and warmly applauded. At its conclusion the following resolutions were read and adopted:

Resolved. That tariffs and kindred taxation, being restrictions upon industry and commerce, are inimical to the welfare of the whole people.

Resolved. That in the abolition of all taxes upon industry we seek, among other forms of taxation, to wipe out those which serve only to enrich the few at the expense of the many, in the pursuit of this object we aim at nothing shorter than absolute freedom of trade, which is alone consistent with perfect liberty, and that any measure of reform in this direction, by whomever proposed, deserves the support of those who are loyal to the purpose of placing, in lieu of all other taxes, a single tax upon land values.

Louis F. Post was then introduced, and was greeted with hearty applause. He said:

"So far as any national organization is concerned, there is no question of abandoning a party. The question is, Shall we form a party? That is all; for there is, as yet, no national party—pledged to the support of the single tax."

A friend of mine said to me, 'I don't know whether I understand the single tax or not, but it seems to me that you cannot have a single tax until you get rid of the tariff.'

"I told him that some of our friends were willing to get rid of other taxes, but felt that they ought not to abolish the tariff until they got the single tax. It is a good deal as though a man should say: 'I will take off my overcoat, but not until I have taken off my undershirt.' (Laughter.) The tariff tax is a tax we must get rid of, as of all others, in order to have a single tax on land values."

"The great effect of the single tax will be, not so much to raise a common revenue as to press down land values and bring more and more land to the market, until we shall have ample access to land which is free. Just as we abolish the internal revenue and tariff taxes so do we approach to the condition that makes land free; so do we diminish the speculative value and make it possible for men to gain access to the land on easier conditions than they can now. To sweep away the tariff will be to take a real step in the direction of the single tax. And not only that, but it will make it possible for the people, even then before we reach the single tax, to enjoy in great measure its benefits."

"If we stop to consider, we will find that these tariff taxes do protect somebody. (Applause.) There is no doubt about it. They do not protect the man that works for wages. We have only to go to Pennsylvania, the most thoroughly protected state in the Union, to see that without any argument. (Applause.) Then do they benefit the employer? The protectionists don't say so. They don't dare to say so. That would break up their whole scheme. It is a fact, however, that they don't benefit the employer. Suppose you put the tariff taxes on the potatoes or turnips referred to by Mr. Gorsuch. It won't help the potato digger or the turnip planter. But I will tell you who will get the benefit—the man who owns the potato hill. You are not protecting the workman or employer by a tariff; you are simply protecting the owner of the United States, or the little ring of owners. And the man who understands the tariff tax or the single tax, and yet would have the united labor party ignore this question of the tariff, misrepresents or does not know his own opinions."

Mr. Post declared that so far as he was concerned, he felt that a united labor party based upon a single tax has no business, has no right, by direction or indirection, to help elect a protectionist president. (Great applause.) The issue of the tariff is here, and the people who make parties will divide upon it. It may not be the democratic or republican or the united labor party, but whatever shape it takes will be protection and disastrous strikes.

It is encouraging to note the growing conviction among the workers that the remedy for the evils which they suffer is not to be found in attempts to "starve" into submission the operators, who have millions of dollars and the support of organized monopoly at their back, but rather in a change of the laws which have made it possible for them to acquire these vast fortunes, and given them the power to dictate upon what terms men shall enjoy their inherent right to live. They are beginning to realize that these vast and unnatural powers are derived from the laws which permit them to monopolize those immensely rich coal fields, to the exclusion of all other men; and that, while they are permitted to hold them, strikes and boycotts are worse than useless.

It is also interesting to note how their eyes are being opened to the vicious results of the "protective" fallacy. Four years ago a free trade miner was a rarity; now you can at least find many who are agitating the removal of the iniquitous coal tax. They see that a tariff on coal, instead of making higher wages for the miners, only adds to the extent of the tax, to the stream of wealth which their thankless toil is pouring into the pockets of their employers.

But if the miners are beginning to see and think about all this, so are the operators, as is evidenced by their actions since the strike has been declared off. In every colliery, with the exception of two, the best men, those who think and say what they think, have been discharged. In all about 700 men, who have been identified in any way with this strike, have been discharged, and will be driven helpless upon the streets unless the charity of the world comes to their relief. In the mid-Atlantic anthracite coal region every foot of land, with the exception of the few acres comprised in the two small towns of Hazleton and Freeland, is owned by the railroads and coal companies. Every house and shanty in the whole region, with the exceptions mentioned, is owned by the coal barons. And although there are thousands of acres lying barren and useless that would soon flourish in towns if free, no man can purchase it, nor build even a great peep upon it without incurring the penalty of the law.

The cutthroat leases, which are styled amicable suits of ejectment by the operators, gives them the power to evict in five days, and these poor, unfortunate victims of the employers' anger will be thrown upon the streets regardless of results. I believe the voters of the Fourth legislative district will at the fall election send a representative to Harrisburg pledged to do all in his power to make these legalized robbers of the people pay dearly for the privileges they so long enjoyed. If James G. Blaine, or any other exponent of protection, becomes the republican candidate for the presidency this year, he will not receive the 80,000 majority with which he swept the state in 1884, unless all signs fail.

THE LEHIGH REGION.

Consequences of the Coal Barons' Victory—But the Light Beginning to Break.

FREEPORT, Penn.—Since the strike, which was entered into by the miners of the Lehigh region on Sept. 10, was declared "off," the miners have been made to feel more than ever the unlimited powers which our vicious land system gives to the "coal barons," and they are beginning to realize that if they even wish to obtain for themselves and their children the right to receive a fair day's pay for a fair day's work they must do something more radical than entering into useless and disastrous strikes.

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W. B. ESTELL.

Free Trade and Free Land.

PARKERSBURG, West Virginia, March 28.—

We are all free traders here in our club. The tariff is such a good club to break democratic heads with that I for one cannot see why any single tax man can consent to forego the pleasure and profit of using it. The "revenue reformers" cannot get around the fact that what they call "free trade" has not done away with pauperism in England, while protectionists on their part cannot get around the fact that Germany and France, two high protective countries, pay smaller wages than England, a comparatively free trade country.

Yes, I now clearly see that this single tax is not only a tax on the people, but such nationalization of land as you propose will mean the end of this social system—which every man who has seen how it grinds the under classes must regard as a veritable kingdom of hell upon earth—that it will mean a new social system, rising naturally with all the good the socialist aims at, a new and grander civilization—a civilization not only grand in its material advances, but grander still in the moral advances it will make possible; that it will mean in brief and in truth the physical foundation for the kingdom of heaven on earth.

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W. B. ESTELL.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

Foreign Exchange.

CINCINNATI.—(1) How is the exchange or commodities effected between one country and another?

(2) When the balance of trade is in favor of a country, and a large amount of gold is sent there in consequence, what is done with it?

(3) Shall you publish the "Queries and Answers" in book form? I think they will make a valuable addition to the land and labor library.

H. W. WALNCATE.

(1) For example, omitting middle men for simplicity.

Jones, an American exporter, ships cotton to Smith, an English manufacturer of cotton goods. If the value of the cotton be \$1,000, Smith buys of a London bank a draft on the New York bank for \$1,000, which he mails to Jones. That completes the transaction between Jones and Smith, Smith's bank account being reduced by \$1,000. Smith manufactures the cotton into cloth and ships \$1,000 worth to a New York importer, who buys of the New York bank a draft on the London bank for \$1,000, which he sends to Smith. When Smith deposits his draft his bank account is restored, and the London bank holds a claim of \$1,000 against the New York bank, while the New York bank holds a claim to the same amount against the London bank. The transactions are then equalized, none of the parties in fact owing anything to any of the others.

In practice, of course, the drafts will be on different banks, and from different banks; but that makes no difference, since London nevertheless owes New York \$1,000 and New York owes London \$1,000, a mutual indebtedness which may be utilized for further transactions.

(2) In the illustration given, Jones had sent \$1,500 worth of cotton goods to New York, instead of \$1,000, that transaction would have left a balance of \$500 against us, to be equalized either by reverse differences of the value on other exchanges or by a consignment of gold to the value of \$500. If the gold was sent, it would be used for English cotton or for English manufacturing, or if it would be shipped from England to some other country to which England was indebted.

But while a balance of trade might exist for some time for or against us relatively to England, it could not long exist relatively to the whole world. Exports and imports constantly tend to balance. This is sometimes made to appear otherwise by treating gold as something different from other commodities. Thus if Australia shipped large quantities of gold for a long time, it might be said that the balance of trade was perpetually against Australia, but that would not be true, for gold is a product. The tendency to balance is also overcome by rents, interest on watered bonds, dividends on watered stock, and gifts sent from one country to another.

The clearing house of a large city is as good a representation in miniature of the world's exchanges as you can probably find.

(3) Edited selections may be published.

The Single Tax and Wages.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—(1) Do you intend to tax church lands as much as land owned by individuals?

(2) If a machine is invented and throws men out of employment, will not competition reduce wages as much under the single tax as at present?

(3) What kind of a currency does Mr. George propose to have?

(4) If we should have the single tax in this country, would not labor flow from other countries and reduce wages to what they were before?

H. E. FIELD.

(1) Yes. There is no reason why the community should support a religious sect. Let each sect support itself. If it is rich enough to occupy a block at the head of Wall street on Broadway, paying as much to the community for the privilege, as business men must pay for similar locations, let it do so; but if it is too poor to pay taxes, let it build on land that has no value and which, consequently, is not taxed.

(2) No. It will increase wages. Private ownership of land is the nether mill stone, and invention the upper, between which labor is crushed. The single tax will remove the nether stone. Machinery presses down wages now, because natural opportunities to work are limited, and tend to still greater limitation with the advance of invention. But under the single tax the only limitation of these opportunities would be their actual use. All natural opportunities not in actual use would be free. And since it is the tendency of machinery to broaden the field of employment, a tendency now held in check by land speculation, a machine that threw men out of employment would, if the single tax were in force, only throw them into other more agreeable and more profitable employment.

(3) I do not know that he proposes any particular kind. You will find his views on the subject of money in "Protection or Free Trade."

(4) Labor would flow in, but instead of reducing wages, every new comer would add to the common wealth. Just as immigration is now a good thing for landlords, so would it then be for the people.

An Illustration for I. V. P.

BROCKWATERS, Pa.—As affording apt illustrations of the truth of your answer to I. V. P. in THE STANDARD of March 24, I may say that in this section there is plenty of timber land which sells at \$20 an acre, but is assessed at only \$2 for tax purposes. And much land that could not be bought at \$20, but is held at a much higher valuation—such as coal lands, worth from \$50 to \$300 an acre—is assessed at the same \$2 rate.

EION H. BUTLER.

Notes.

"A STUDIOS INQUIRER," Philadelphia.—The statements which seem to you contradictory are not so. They are different forms of stating the same fact; and though they might fairly appear to be contradictory to one so unfamiliar with the subject that every qualification must be expressed to enable him to understand the limitations of a proposition, yet to a student inquirer their consistency ought to be apparent. Selling value, speculation eliminated, is a capitalization of present rental value; and when speculation en-

ters in, the selling value is a capitalization of prospective rental value. But as vacant land transactions in the market are almost exclusively selling and buying rather than renting transactions, men who invest in land feel respecting those investments as they do respecting investments in other property, that the income from them must approximate to the ordinary rate of interest. Accordingly I am not disposed to apologize for having said that when the owner of land rents it "he expects a rental basis on" the market price, even though I also said that selling value is based on rental value.

In writing the above I have described "land as property" if you look over the files of THE STANDARD you will find that I have frequently said that land is not and cannot be property. I trust you will not call me to account for this inconsistency also.

If you do not see that the single tax will open natural opportunities that are now closed, I cannot undertake to make it clear to you. Read "Progress and Poverty," and "Protection or Free Trade," and if you do not see it then, you had better conclude that to you the cat is invisible and your efforts in behalf of the single tax have been exerted in a cause which you do not understand and possibly could not believe in.

JOHN C. DANA, Greenwood Springs, Colo.

Your suggestion will be acted upon.

LOUIS F. POST.

A GLIMPSE OF TOMBS METHODS.

Mr. Warden Walsh's Bill for Producing a Prisoner in Court—A Little Matter of 1,450 Per Coat Overcharge.

Mr. Fatty Walsh—his baptismal name is not really Fatty, but no one would recognize him were his proper first name used—Mr. Fatty Walsh is a local statesman of that class which in England looks to the honor of knighthood as its highest reward. Being an American and not an Englishman, Mr. Walsh has secured a more substantial guerdon for his political services. He has become warden of the Tombs prison in New York, with senatorial rights of which no man has ever seen the complete list. He furnishes prisoners with extra food, supplies messengers to their errands and otherwise relaxes the vigor of his official hospitality; all, of course, for due consideration. Take it all in all, the honorable Fatty Walsh is considered by Tombs habitués and cognoscenti to have a pretty soft thing.

The best of men, however, have their troubles, and Mr. Walsh has his. He is in trouble now. Undeservingly, of course. He is being persecuted.

On March 23, Judge Cullen, of the supreme court, then sitting in Brooklyn, issued a writ directing Mr. Fatty Walsh to produce before him the body of John D. Watson, then a prisoner in the Tombs, to give evidence in certain litigation. Mr. Walsh respectfully bowed to the mandate of the law, and sent Mr. Watson to Brooklyn, in a carriage under charge of two keepers. Then he sent to George R. Rhodes, Jr., the lawyer who had obtained the writ, a bill made up of the following items:

Carriage fare.....	\$10.00
Two keepers at \$7.50.....	15.00
Forriage.....	24
Total.....	\$39.54

Mr. Rhodes thought this bill excessive. He didn't complain about the charge for carriage, and he was even willing to stand the hack hire; but he felt there was a misunderstanding about the keepers. He hadn't wanted to pay the keepers, but only to obtain the use of them for the limited time necessary to go to Brooklyn, attend court and return. Eventually Mr. Walsh had misunderstood matters. And so Mr. Rhodes, after vainly endeavoring to induce Fatty's representative to accept a reasonable sum, submitted the bill to the court, and learned that Mr. Walsh's complete legal fee was two dollars.

Then Mr. Walsh went to his desk in magisterial indiguation, and wrote Mr. Rhodes a letter. "I require," he said, "the full amount of my bill as presented by my keepers, \$35.24. If you do not choose to pay it, I will take no further proceedings in the matter, but make you a present of the bill!" And then came this very significant postscript: "Please note us not any more favors from me."

So Mr. Rhodes sent the correspondence to Mayor Hewitt, and Mayor Hewitt sent it to the commissioners of charities and correction, and the commissioners of charities and correction called on the honorable Fatty Walsh, warden of the Tombs, for a report. And the honorable Fatty made a report as requested, setting forth that everything was quite correct—that the ruling price of keepers was \$10, whereas he had charged only \$7.50, explaining that the charge for carriage and fare was very moderate, and offering to prove the hire.

And so the matter rests for the present. The honorable Fatty Walsh says he is out \$24 for carriage hire and forriage; the keepers are out \$7.50 each, which Mr. Walsh says he would have paid them if Mr. Rhodes had paid him; and Mr. George H. Rhodes, Jr., and his legal fee. The whole affair is a glimpse of Tombs methods. Drop the curtain.

The Real Beneficiaries of the Lumber Duty.

William Williams, Philadelphia Record.

When the Williams lumbermen went to Washington to urge in the committee having in charge the bill now before Congress to retain the duty on lumber, were they sent by laboring men? Does any one imagine me that the duty from lumber would reduce the wages of the log chopper or the mill hand? The men who convert the standing tree into manufactured lumber are not alarmed. The native hand has shared the lumber camps with the Canadian log chopper long enough to know that the duty on lumber forms no part of his wages. The particular kind of wood to sell comes in competition with all other kinds of labor, including foreign labor. The removal of the duty from lumber would lower the price of lumber, it would reduce the value of stumpage, and who could better afford to stand a reduction than the timber owner, who bought his pine timber land at a cost of fifty cents or \$1 per 1000 feet and now gets from \$6 to \$8 per 1000 feet on the stump. The only effect the reduction in the price of lumber would have on the laboring man would be to reduce the cost of the house that shelters himself and family.

History Repents Itself.

Green's History of the English People.

Monopolies abandoned by Elizabeth, extended by act of parliament under James, and declared by the assent of Charles himself in the petition of right, were again set on foot, and on a scale far more gigantic than had been seen before. The wine, soap, salt, and almost every article of domestic use, fell into the hands of monopolists, and rose in price out of all proportion to the profit gained by the crown. "They sup in our cup," Colperidge said afterward in the song "Parliament." "They dip in our dish, they sit by our fire; we find them in the dye fat, the wash bowls and the powdering tub. They shave with the cutter in his box. They have marked and sealed us from us to us."

Protection for Pennsylvania Coal Spills the Market for Western Coal.

Brimstone coal should go on the free list.

New England could then get cheaper

fuel and power coal from the Pictou mines in Nova Scotia, and the Canadian retaliatory tariff on coal would be repealed, thus opening a new field of export to the coal operators of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois.

EVON H. BUTLER.

Notes.

"A STUDIOS INQUIRER," Philadelphia.—

The statements which seem to you contradictory are not so. They are different forms of

stating the same fact; and though they might

fairly appear to be contradictory to one so

unfamiliar with the subject that every qualifi-

cation must be expressed to enable him to

understand the limitations of a proposition,

yet to a student inquirer their consistency

ought to be apparent. Selling value, specu-

lation eliminated, is a capitalization of pres-

ent rental value; and when speculation en-

EVENTS IN ENGLAND AND AUSTRALIA.

At last the bitter cry of outcast London has reached the ears of the nation's masters assembled at St. Stephen's. Lord Dunraven, stocked with facts and figures, arose from his bench in the house of lords the other night and called for a consideration of the "sweating system" prevailing at the east end. He said that the conditions of the lives of many of the people there "are more deplorable than those of any body of workmen in any portion of the civilized world." As an illustration of his assertion, he stated that among the women engaged in making waistcoats he had found one machine who could earn only 5s. per week by working from 7 in the morning till 12 or 1 next morning. In the manufacture of children's clothes, he found one woman who made knickerbockers for 12d. a pair, and could earn 5s. 6d. per week. "It is not strange," said he, "that under such circumstances women are driven to the streets, and that the strongest men could not be a little reasonable until it is. The crofter holds the winning hand in Scotland. He's got the land; he's got the case; and he's got a mighty flood of public indignation driving the land robbers before him, but he's got squeeze quite so tightly as his British prototype it is only because the monopoly is not yet quite complete and because he is obliged to be a little reasonable until it is. The crofter holds the winning hand in Scotland. He's got the land; he's got the case; and he's got a mighty flood of public indignation driving the land robbers before him, but he's got squeeze quite so tightly as his British prototype it is only because the monopoly is not yet quite complete and because he is obliged to be a little reasonable until it is. The crofter holds the winning hand in Scotland. 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THE STANDARD.

HENRY GEORGE, Editor and Proprietor.
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GENERAL BRYCE'S CAUSE.

General Lloyd S. Bryce, having con-
sidered the question of land nationaliza-
tion, publishes a confession in the *North
American Review*. He is embarrassed at
the thought of the cow which has done
duty so often to illustrate one phase of
opposition to land reforms, as the black-
smith shop alongside the palace has for
another phase. But General Bryce does
not call it a cow; he calls it a calf.

If the principle that man must not
monopolize what his own labor has not
created prohibits private ownership of
land, General Bryce wants to know if, it
does not also "interdict private ownership
in a calf." And General Bryce is a mem-
ber of congress!

The economic identity of land and cows,
or if you please, calves, has been often
asserted and the fallacy and absurdity of
the proposition as often exposed; but for
the purpose of observing a congressman's
mental machinery in full operation it may
be instructive as well as entertaining, de-
spite the danger of dizziness, to follow
General Bryce through this little exercise
of his in economic gyrations.

"God," he says, "made the calf as well
as he did the land," the inference being
that man has no more right to absolute
ownership of calves than to absolute
ownership of land. That God made calves
as well as land is true, just as it is true that
God made the rainwater which the house-
wife collects in her tub as well as the
clouds from which it falls or the sea from
which it evaporated. And in the same
sense it is true that God made houses,
locomotives, ships and dry goods as well as
land. But for certain natural laws which
man may direct, but can neither originate
nor control, he could have none of these.
No matter how much labor he expended
he could not collect a drop of water nor
produce any inanimate thing but for laws
of cohesion; and if he could it would float
away into space but for laws of gravita-
tion; and but for laws of generation calves
would not be born. But given these and
other natural laws, man may produce
ships, houses, locomotives, dry goods or
calves at will; and if he direct his labor
exclusively to the production of any one,
the others will disappear. It is just as
much on account of human labor that the
supply of calves and cows is maintained
as that ships and houses are produced and
preserved. But not so with land, the
source of all these things, and the ultimate
governor of their production; no labor can
make it, no labor can increase it, no lack
of labor can diminish it. Land is, as it
always has been and always will be, the
source of life, the mother of wealth, upon
which we must live and in which we must
dwell; to be denied it is a sentence of
death, to be compelled to buy it a sentence
into slavery.

A perfect calf syndicate could subject
us to temporary inconvenience, but a per-
fect land syndicate would reduce us to
servitude. General Bryce might do very
well with land, even if he could get no
calf to put upon it; but what would he do
with his calf if he could get no land to put
the calf upon?

Since man is an earthling and not a
calfing, unless members of congress be
excepted, there is all the difference of life
and death or slavery and freedom between
monopoly of land and monopoly of calves;
and since all that is drawn forth from the
earth is drawn forth by man's labor, while
the earth itself is as it came from the
hand of omnipotence, there is all the
difference of title by production and title
by force between ownership of land and
ownership of calves.

"The calf grows," says General Bryce,
"and with its growth its value is en-
hanced," and "the calf costs its owner no
more in proportion to bring up than it
costs the land owner to bring up his land."
It is well to remember that General Bryce
is a member of congress, for in the sup-
position that membership in that body implies
a moderate amount of intelligence,
the fact would never be suspected from
this observation. What if the value of a
calf does grow with its growth? Does the
value of land grow with its growth? And
who ever heard before of land owners
"bringing up" land? The land had attained
its full growth long before any land owner
appeared to say to his fellow man: "This
is mine! work for me or get you gone!"
What Congressmen Bryce probably means
by "bringing up" land, is improving it.
But if he does mean that, he wanders from
the question, for it is not asserted that the
value of improvements do not belong
to the producer, but that the value

of the place improved does not be-
long to the appropriator. Land with a
house on it is worth more than without a
house, and the difference belongs to the
builder. Land fertilized is worth more
than if not fertilized, and the difference
belongs to the cultivator. Land so favor-
ably located that ten thousand men want
it is worth more than land so unfavorably
located that no man wants it; but the
difference does not belong to the appropri-
ator. In those cases the owner has earned
the difference; in this he has not.

The "unearned increment" of the cow
General Bryce finds to be her milk; and
let him beware who would intimate that
the milk has been earned by the owner of
the cow who has fed her on the produce of
his fields, for General Bryce is ready with
a reply that "if the land does not belong
to him, neither does the produce of the
land." General Bryce, it will be seen, has
an airy way, learned in congressional
committees, perhaps, of disposing of such
trifles as the distinction between land from
which labor produces and the things that
labor produces.

Is it any wonder that the influence of
the metropolis is so slight in congress?
Here is a prominent representative from
this city to a body which legislates upon
economic subjects for a whole nation, who
publicly confesses that he cannot distin-
guish between calves and land, between
the value that comes from the growth of a
calf and that which comes from the growth
of population, between power to produce
land and power to produce land products,
between purchase of pieces of Ireland and
purchase of Irish pigs; a representative
who from sheer ignorance of the distinc-
tion would as soon confiscate men's cattle
as repeat parchment titles which have
vested "the land of the free" in a part
of their number, and discounted the labor of
unborn generations.

Verily a tariff agitation is needed, if for
no other reason than that some members
of congress may be taught to take a
primary lesson or two in political economy.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE WORLD.

Volapuk (in the pronunciation of
which, by the way, o is sounded as in
"roll," a as in father, u with a dexterous in-
termingling of oo and e, and the accent is
on the last syllable) is the new language
invented by Father Schleyer, a German
priest, of which we are just beginning to
hear. Its students claim for it that it not
only meets all the requirements of a
universal language, but is rapidly being
accepted as such. It was first published
in 1879, but made no progress until 1882, and
very little until 1884. In the former year it
spread into Austria, and in the latter into
Holland and Belgium. In 1885 it was
extensively studied in France, and in
the following year in Sweden, Denmark
and Russia. It is still almost unknown in
the United States, but there are over one
hundred influential societies on the conti-
nent of Europe devoted to its propagation.
Eleven periodicals, including a humorous
paper, are published in the language; its
bibliography comprises nearly one hundred
books in about a dozen languages; two
general assemblies have been held by its
scholars, and there is an academy to gov-
ern its development.

It was the aim of the inventor of Volapuk
to devise a clear and accurate method
of expressing thought, and to make the
language as easy as possible to learn. In
this he has been, so far as it is possible to
judge without a thorough knowledge of the
subject, completely successful. Re-
specting ease of acquisition, his success is
demonstrated. Three or four weeks of
moderate study will qualify a student to
translate readily within the limits of his
vocabulary, through a great deal of practice
will, of course, be necessary to give
fluency either in writing or speaking.

The most difficult part of the study of
Volapuk is the memorization of the alpha-
bet, which, to the English student, is not
very difficult, either, for all the letters have
the English form, and excepting the
vowels and three consonants the English
sound; but from this point there is a logical
simplicity of structure that makes the
study as fascinating and almost as easy as
the reading of a novel.

After learning the vowels, a few minutes
study will enable one to count without
limit. Each of the digits is simply a
vowel sandwiched between two consonants;
the tens are the plural of the digits, indicated
by the addition of s; there is one simple
word for "hundred" and another for
"thousand" and from that on radical
changes in numeration are indicated
by the addition of ion to the digits and tens.
Thus: *bal* is one and *tel* is two; *bal* is ten
and *tel* is twenty; *balsebal* (ten-and-one) is
eleven, and *telsetel* (twenty-and-two) is
twenty-two; *tum* being hundred, *balton*
is one hundred, and *teltum* is two hundred;
nil being thousand, *balnil* is one thou-
sand; *balton* is million, *balbalton* is one
million, and *tel balton* is two millions,
while *telion* is billion, and so on. All
variations in numbers have this basis. For
example, "second" is *telid*, "twice" is
telua, and "the second time" is *telidua*.
The months of the year and the days of
the week, being enumerated, are also
based upon the cardinal numbers. Month
being *nul*, the first month, or January, is
Balul, and *del* being day, the first day, or
Sunday, is *Baluted*.

The cases are nominative, possessive,
dative and accusative, and are indicated
by vowel endings. The persons have syl-
lable endings: first, *ob*; second, *ot*; third,
om for masculine and neuter, *of* for
feminine, *os* for impersonal, as in the sentence
"it snows," and *on* for collective, as in the
sentence "they say" or "one would be
embarrassed." The plural in each instance
is indicated by the addition of s, a feature
so uniform that all nouns and pronouns
ending in s are certainly plural. A similar
feature is the adoption of the English

word "she," spelled *ji*, as a prefix for the
feminine; thus, sister is "she brother,"
lady is "she sir," wife is "she husband."
Adjectives are formed by adding *ik* to the
noun, and adverbs by adding *o*, corre-
sponding to the English *ly*; while degrees
of comparison for both adverbs and ad-
jectives are indicated by the syllable *um*
before *o* in adverbs and after *ik* in ad-
jectives for comparative, and by *un* for
superlative.

The tense signs are vowel prefixes for the
active voice and the same vowels pre-
fixed by the consonant *p* for the passive.
The indicative mood is the root word
with the appropriate pronoun affixed. The
infinitive, the participle, the imperative
and the potential are indicated by suffi-
xes; the subjunctive is the indicative pre-
ceded by the word *if*, meaning "if." In
connection with the subjunctive is the
conditional mood with its peculiar sign, as
"if I were well" (subjunctive). "I would
visit you" (conditional).

The interrogative, formed in English by
transposition, is in Volapuk indicated by
the syllable *li* placed before or after the
verb and united to it by a hyphen. There
are also the frequentative prefix, to indi-
cate habitual action, as "I read, or," "I
eat;" and the reflexive suffix, expressing
action upon the actor, as "I clothe myself,"
or "he washes himself."

This is a complete description of the
language. There are conjunctions and prepositions to learn, as well as
order of words, idiomatic expressions,
methods of deriving and compounding
words, and the vocabulary. But the prin-
ciples are so simple and the processes so
logical and regular that there are no
arbitrary rules to observe and, except in
learning root words, very little memorizing
to do.

As an example of derivation something
like sixty modifications of the word "lan-
guage" are given by Mr. Sprague in his
primer, all having that word for the principal
root and being derived from it in
accordance with principles so simple and
regular that the student could make most
of the modifications without reference to
the dictionary if he knew the meaning of
the root words. To illustrate with the term
volapuk itself. It is a compound word,
the principal root being *pukon*, to speak.
Dropping the sign of the infinitive we have
the noun *puk*, speech or language. The
modifying root is *vol*, meaning word, to
which is added *a*, the sign of the posses-
sive case. The combination therefore is
"world's speech" or "world's language,"
which is translated "universal language."

An example of derivation and com-
pounding of curious interest to American
readers is the noun, "The United States."
In Volapuk it is *Pebaltats*. The student
of Volapuk about to translate this for the
first time notices the sign of the passive
voice in the initial *p*, and of the perfect
tense in the following letter *c*. That is,
pe, as a verb prefix, invariably indicates
the perfect tense of the passive voice.
From this the student knows that some-
thing has been done to something, which
suggests to him that the next syllable, *bal*,
must be a verb instead of the numeral
"one," which is spelled in the same way, and
the perfect tense of the passive voice.
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ALL ALONG THE LINE.

HOW THE MOVEMENT FOR INDUSTRIAL EMANCIPATION IS PROGRESSING.

The County Central Committee.

The general committee of the united labor party meets at Clearendon hall Thursday evening, April 5.

The difference of opinion among the leaders of the party as to what should be done in the coming campaign is the cause of the general apathy now prevailing among the district organizations. Very few of the clubs are now holding regular meetings, and some of them have given up their headquarters.

The State Committee.

The state committee has been called to meet at the Mansion house, Albany, on Saturday, April 7. The object, as stated in the call, is "to prescribe the method of electing delegates to the national conference of the united labor party, to be held at Cincinnati, May 15, and for the transaction of such other business as may come before the committee." The call is signed by John H. Blakney, chairman.

Discussing Methods of Propaganda.

A few single tax men assembled at an informal dinner at Pedro's restaurant on Duane street, near Centre, on Thursday evening, March 29, to talk over plans for stimulating the propagation of single tax doctrine.

Benjamin Unger was in the chair, and Louis F. Post, Jerome O'Neill, Walter Carr, E. J. Shriver, Henry George, A. J. Steers and about twenty other gentlemen took part in the proceedings. The drift of opinion seemed to be in favor of the formation of an organization for conducting active personal propaganda on lines similar to the National tax reform association, as described by Mr. H. F. Biggs of Texas. After a general expression of opinion a resolution was adopted, declaring that "the chairman of this meeting shall appoint a committee of three to draft a plan of organization with a name, to be submitted to a future called meeting of this body; and that said committee shall invite suggestions in writing as to various plans for organization."

J. R. Dunlop, Read Gordon, and J. L. Dunham were appointed on the committee, and, on motion, the chairman of the meeting, Mr. Unger, was added.

The next meeting will be held at the same place on Friday evening, April 6.

The Brooklyn Tax Reform Club.

BROOKLYN, March 29.—The meeting of this club last evening was enlivened with a discussion of the ethical side of the relation between employers and laborers. Several visitors were present, and took part in the debate and in the informal talk that followed. The next meeting will be held April 11 at Everett hall, Fulton street, near Gallatin place.

Five to Four.

ELIZABETH, N. J.—I was one of nine men in a store here the other night when a vote was taken on the tariff question. The result was four in favor of protection and five for clean cut free trade.

USTRACT.

THE FREE TRADE REVOLUTION IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Waking Up and Beginning to Ask Questions—Resolutions by Blacksmiths and Machinists—Specimens of Letters to the Press.

The yeast is working in Pennsylvania as it never worked before. The experience of the miners, the coke burners and producers generally, has set them to thinking. Soft words butter no parsnips, and men are beginning to discover that the advocates of land monopoly and tariff taxation have nothing but soft words to offer them. Mark L. Roberts, secretary of Henry George club No. 1 of Pittsburgh, writes to THE STANDARD:

I know that your conclusions were right in regard to the discussion which the tariff issue will bring up. Our local papers are beginning to team with articles from workmen, etc., etc., who take the stand of free trade, and the protectionists are making such absurd arguments in relation that a child can see through their thinness.

A glance over THE STANDARD's exchanges confirms Mr. Roberts's statement. Here, for instance, is what the Mauch Chunk Democrat says of the situation:

For many years public opinion was overwhelmingly on the side of the high tariff taxation idea, and but few men were bold enough to express themselves either as free traders or for low or no tariff at all for revenue. But the change from era to truth and common sense was bound to come. The campaign opened, though mildly, in Pennsylvania several years ago. During the last congress three out of eight democratic representatives in congress, Storrs, Scott and Swope, boldly voted on the side of tariff reform. And now the great tax emancipation proclamation—the president's message is before the country, the issue is made and can no longer be dodged or ignored, and if we are not outrageously mistaken the change of popular sentiment generally, without regard to party, now coming on, is much more rapid and positive for the low or no tariff than the change of sentiment for emancipation during the corresponding period a quarter of a century ago. We are already in the period of the great tariff tax revolution. And as revolutions "never go backward," victory is certain and dear.

Significant, too, of changing thought are these resolutions, passed by a meeting of blacksmiths and machinists, in Pittsburgh, March 24:

Resolved, That whereas the policy of a protective tariff has resulted in benefiting a few capitalists at the expense of the many workmen by making millionaires of the former and paupers of the latter;

Resolved, That the strikes and labor troubles, resulting in distress and bloodshed, are the results of this policy.

Resolved, That the effect of the protective policy is to reduce wages to the lowest possible point and raise living to the highest point.

Resolved, That competition protects the majority and protection protects the minority.

Resolved, That a protective policy has sprang the wheels of industry and made combinations possible and dictatorial.

Here, again, is an extract from a letter to the Pittsburgh Press, suggestive of the spread of truly radical ideas:

Land, labor and capital are the factors in production, but land is the free gift of God for the equal benefit of all, and labor excised on land and its products evolves all wealth that is properly capital; therefore all production is due to human labor and should go to it either directly as wages or indirectly as interest on capital. Land is the natural constituent of population and it is not capital, but is not so used in the present vicious system. I will call it bogus capital. According to these principles any rent or price for land is a wrong to labor directly or indirectly. These are beneficial principles of reform which, if adopted, will prevent the numerous wrongs and evils which cannot be remedied under the present system.

The communication from Mr. Estell, which we print in another column, tells how fast the light is spreading among the miners whom the cry of protection and "good times

coming" has fooled so long. All through the protection ridden state, from Philadelphia, where the anti-poverty society is working to such good purpose, and the Record is striking such sturdy blows for free trade through the collieries and furnaces, through the great manufacturing towns—everywhere the people are asking "why?" And they are learning the answer to the question.

Of course the pro-poverty side is not silent; but their trouble is that to more they say the more the verdict goes against them. Here is the sort of thing the Pittsburgh Press gets from one of its protection correspondents. He is endeavoring to answer a free trade correspondent, who wrote under the pseudonym of "Workman."

"Workman" further says: "All wealth comes from the land." So it does, but through a protective tariff only. He asks Mr. Reese or some other protectionist to tell him how tariff will make land more productive. Well, if "Workman" comes up here in the coke region we can easily see how a tariff has made land more productive. He can show it has increased in value from \$50 to \$500 per acre.

We must have a protective tariff; first, that the manufacturer can command a good price for his products, and, secondly, that we can command a good price for our services. Argument like this is of the genuine boomerang order. The more of it the protection advocates indulge in the sooner will they learn what a vain thing they are imagining.

Rabbi Jesselson in Columbus.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, March 28.—At the Jewish temple in this city Rabbi Jesselson yesterday delivered a remarkable address. The rabbi is an ardent friend of our cause. He has attended some of our meetings, and his address was in fulfillment of a promise to give utterance to his belief.

Rabbi Jesselson began his address by stating that he would discuss the present labor question from a Jewish standpoint. All the great questions of to-day have been entered into and in a manner solved by the sages of Israel. The bible is not wholly a religious book; it has not been handed down to us merely as a guide for the priest, but is intended by its teachings to warn us of the dangers which have assailed the past, and which yet threaten us, and to point out in forcible language the manner of avoiding such evils.

Referring to strikes, he said: Exodus, the event we celebrate as the greatest in our history, was but a gigantic strike which then, as now, proved the only remedy against oppression. He likened the struggle between capital and labor to that between Israel and Pharaoh, the king and the people. To-day the capitalist cries: "Humanity, you say? respect of rights? What have we to do with these? With humanity we can get no profit. God and humanity are excellent for church purposes, but for practical life—bosh."

Pharaoh cries to Moses: "Therefore do you keep the people from their work? You are a demagogue; a man who is dangerous to me; a disturber and agitator; you shall die." This is not quoted from some manifesto of a railroad king, but were words spoken and acted by the king of Egypt. And Israel rebelled—struck work. When men are sore pressed and their plights and distresses are not listened to, they grow mad with want and loss of hope, and thus revolutions are born. So to-day, unless these men are listened to patiently, we may fear the worst, and the terrible movement will be beyond power of check and we will regret our former apathy.

Referring to the land question he said: I agree with Dr. McGlynn in this. He has my fullest sympathy, and the great father of this movement, Henry George, has also my fullest sympathy. I believe in these men, and it is my sincere hope that they will go on with humanity we can get no profit. God and humanity are excellent for church purposes, but for practical life—bosh."

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George W. Davidson, George M. Jackson and E. Meyer, all of whom delivered able and forcible addresses. The chief topic of discussion was the political duty of the society's members, and it was forcibly urged that a straight labor ticket should be nominated and the two old parties left severely alone. At the next meeting of the society the question of sending delegates to the Cincinnati convention of May 15 will be discussed.

Progress in Iowa.

FOREST CITY, Iowa, March 29.—I have been in the doctrine of the single tax for several years, and two years ago I began to agitate it. People were induced to read my articles through curiosity, and with many of the doctrine found ready and easy acceptance.

We have since made such advancement that I think a measure for taxing land values exclusively of improvements would be approved by the majority of men in this county. The county is only half settled. The rest of the land is held by eastern and European speculators. One-third of our settlers do not own the land they work, but are only tenants. This spring landlords are demanding cut-throat leases, in which the tenants stipulate to waive title by jury in the event of a dispute arising between the parties to the lease, and agrees to abide by the decision of the court alone.

If the democrats adopt a platform in line with the president's message we will be opposed to an independent candidate for the single tax party. We should take one step at a time, and the first step is to abolish protection.

We are making more converts among republicans than among democrats.

W. W. OLTMSTED.

Tax Reform in Texas.

The following is in response to a letter asking if the organization of the tax reform association, which is doing such good work in Texas, is not too elaborate:

HOUSTON, Tex.—The laws of the National tax reform association are too elaborate, and in practice we disregard them and allow to local clubs the largest individual freedom. Thus in Galveston there is only one club, though its membership is probably equal to that of the four clubs in this city combined.

And we have more than five members in each of our clubs. The point that I wanted to make was that three men, or even one man, in any community could go to work and do effective service, without making any particular fuss about it. People don't like to be considered cranks, and you can't get them out to public meetings at first. You can, however, get them to listen in private conversation. Our bylaws should be remodeled, and perhaps we can really organize a National tax reform association at the Chicago conference in July.

We are gaining ground in this community at a rate which exceeds my most sanguine expectations. We are working so quietly as not to bring down upon ourselves any opposition or personal odium. At the same time our work is counting. A prominent local politician came to me yesterday and said we were right, that we had converted him, and he is talking for us on the street corners, simply, in my opinion, because he thinks ours to be the winning side

Herve Riel.

Robert Browning.
On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred
ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French—woe to
France!

And the thirty-first of May, helter skelter
through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal
of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on
the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the
victor in full chase.
First and foremost of the drove, in his great
ship, Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signaled to the place,
"Help the winners of a race!"
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us
quick; or, quicker still,
Here's the English can and will!

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk, and
leaped on board:
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like
these to pass?" laughed they:
"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the
passage scarred and scored,
Shall the Fornidance, here, with her twelve
and eighty guns,
Think to make the river mouth by the single
narrow way.
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft
of twenty tons,
And with low at full 'pesside?

Now 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands, or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!"
Then was called a council straight:
Fool and bitter the debate.
"Here's the English at our heels; would you
have them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together
stem and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth sound!
Better run the ships aground!"
(Ended Damfreville's speech.)

"Not a minute more to wait!
Let the captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the ves-
sels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate!"

"Give the word!" But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard:
For up stood, for out stepped, "I'm in struck,
and all these—

A captain! a lieutenant! a mate—first, sec-
ond, third!

No such man of mark, and meet
With his better to compete!

But a simple Breton sailor, pressed by
Tourville for the fleet.

A poor coasting pilot he—Herve Riel the
Crosier.

And "What mockery or malice have we
here?" cried Herve Riel.

"Are you mad, you rogues! Are you
cowards, fools or rogues!

Talk to me of rocks and shoals—me, who took
the soundings, tell

On my fingers every bank, every shallow,
every swell,

Twixt the offing here and Greve, where the
river disengages!

Are you bought for English gold? Is it love
the lying's for!

Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,

Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of
Solidor.

Burn the fleet, and ruin France! That were
worse than fifty Hagues!

Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs,
believe me, there's a way!

Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,

Get this formidable clear.

Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage
I know.

Right to Solidor past Greve,
And there lay them safe and sound;

And, if one ship misbehaves—

Keel so much as grate the ground—

Why, I've nothing but my life; here's my
head!" cried Herve Riel.

Not a minute more to wait—

"Steer us in, then, small and great!

Take the helm, lead the line, save the squad-
ron!" cried his chief.

Captains give the sailor place!

He is admiral, in brief.

Still the north wind, by God's grace.

See the noble fellow's face,

As the big ship, with a bound,

Clears the entry like a bound,

Keeps the passage, as its inch of way were

the wide sea's profound!

See, safe through shoal and rock,

How they follow in a flock;

Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that

grates the ground,

Not a ship that comes to grief!

The peril, see, is past!

All are shattered to the last!

And, just as Herve Riel hollers "Anchor,"

sure as fate,

Up the English come—to late!

So the storm subsides to calm:

They see the green trees wave

On the heights overlooking Greve;

Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.

"Just our rapture to enhance,

Let the English raise the bay,

Gnash their teeth and glare askance

As they cannonead bold!

Now the rampart soars pleasant riding on

the Rance!"

How hope succeeds despair on each captain's

countenance!

Out burst all with one accord,

"This is paradise for hell!"

Lev. France, le! France's king,

Thank the man that did the thing!"

What a shout, and all one word,

"Herve Riel!"

As he stepped in front once more;

Not a symptom of surprise;

In the frank blue Breton eyes—

Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,

I must speak out at the end,

Though I find the speaking hard;

Praise is deeper than the lips;

You have saved the king his ship;

You must name your own reward.

"Faith our sun was near eclipse!

Demand whatever you will,

France remains your debtor still!

As to hearts' content, and have! or my

name's not Damfreville."

Then a beam of fire outbroke

On the bearded mouth that spoke,

As the low heart laughed through

Those frank eyes of Breton blue—

"Since I need not say my say;

Since on board the duty's done,

And from Malo roads to Crosier point what

is it run?

Since 'tis asf and have, I may;

Since the others go ashore—

Come! A good whole holiday!

Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call

the Belle Aurore!"

That he asked, and that he got—nothing

more.

Name and deed alike are lost;

Not a pillar nor a post.

In his Crosier keeps alive thefeat as it be-
fell;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing smack
Is memory of the man but for whom had gone
to wreck.
All that France saved from the fight whence
England bore the bell.
Go to Paris; rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank:
You shall look long enough ere you come to
Herve Riel.
So, for better and for worse,
Herve Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Herve Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honor France, love the
wife, the Belle Aurore!

FARMER JONES AND THE TARIFF.

Yes, I've got to quit farmin'. My jints
are gettin' stiff and somehow I get fonder
now by night than I use to; and I notis that
Mary Jane sits down of nev' an' moves
slower about the house. I reckon it's cause
we're gettin' old an' farmin' is one o' them
businesses that makes no lowance for
gettin' old.

Help! oh, I've tried that an' it don't pay.
Time you've paid your store bills and your
help there isn't anything left. It makes
one feel as if you were workin' because
it raises the price of things manufac-
tured. Those who buy these things,
payin' more for them, are hindered just

so much in gettin' all they could for their
labor, and nacherly they try to pass the
cost off on to some one else. They can
do it if they can raise the price of what
they have to sell. If iron or steel or wool
rises, the men who use them in making
things raises the price of what they make.
Now it is pretty clear that the last shift
of this cost falls on the shoulders of the
men who can't raise the price of what they
make, the class who haven't and can't have
the control of this great "home market,"
of which we hear so much. An' this class
takes in the farmers and most of the men
who work for wages.

Now there's lots of reasons why manu-
facturers would rather be in the cities.
The railroads or the lakes or the ocean are
generally there, an' they can get the stuff
in easy and cheap that they want to work
up, and the same means makes the sending
away of what they make cheap & easy.
That the city is the home of manu-
facturers is shown by the way a city grows
up around a manufactory that is built up
by some water power.

Well, now, can't you see why our boys
go to the city? With the government
puttin' a premium on the manufacturers
which go to cities or make cities come to
them, and makin' the farmers pay that
premium—encouragin' manufacturers—an'
discouragin' farmin'—can't you see that
any boy with brains an' gumption isn't
such a pesky idiot as to stay on a farm?
Can't you see that the government has
simplified down the lines of resistance
runnin' to 'ards manufac-
turers, and that in
that business the same work can bring
more money? Why, if I wasn't so old an'
stiff, blest if I wouldn't sell the farm an'
go inter manufac-
turing myself.

P. J. SMALLEY.

Workingmen Might Do Worse Than Epit-
emate to the Soudan.

London Saturday Review.

The English drudge rises early and goes to
bed late, working eight or twelve hours a
day, either in her miserable garret or in a
huge manufacturing hive. Pinched with
hunger, she toils on with labor, expected
to temptation and demoralization, her little
life stretches behind her and before her, with
a pleasure to look back upon no hope to look
forward to. The wages she earns, those
wages which proudly separates her from the
slave, are barely sufficient to keep body and
soul together, till at last the body gives way
or the soul revolts. Then comes the inevitable
end, and a verdict of "Death from starvation"
or "Found drowned" closes the scene.

The Soudan girl is taken from her parental
home sticks of mud and sold to a respec-
table family, perhaps very rich, in the
first case, she will probably be alive; in the
second, she will find others like herself. She
respects so much capital invested, and is
looked after with equivalent care. She is a
servant whose wages have been paid twenty
years in advance. It is true they have not
the only man of ability who found a life
with the refuges they had, too. Jefferson
in his early life, was struck with the
grace and eloquence of their orators and
the musical beauty of their language, and
Sam Houston, once the governor of Tennessee
and member of congress, was not the
only man of ability who found a life
with the refuges they had, too.

Now, if you'll let me fill my pipe again—
cigars? No, I'm beholden to you, but cigars
and plug hats and broadcloth coats
slipped out of my reach years ago; can't
afford 'em. And, queer, isn't it? but I can
always think better when my pipe is a
goin'. I reckon it is 'cause these questions
turn themselves over in one's mind
much as these clouds of tobacco smoke roll
over each other as they climb up. Well,
in my thinkin' of this question over it
shapes itself about this way:

What do men work for, anyway?
Money? No; beyond makin' their livin'
they are workin' to get the things that
money will buy. Some short sighted ones
work only for the money, as if that was
the main thing, but most men want to get
money so that they can get with it somethin'
that they want. There isn't much
need of argument to prove that. Some
one handy at putting facts into words has
said that "force rules on the line of least
resistance." That kind of a definition is as
handy as a foot rule. When you've got it
it makes lots of things easier to understand;
and the more you try it the truer it appears
to you. My cattle come up from the
valley pasture by the ravine instead of
directly up the hill. It is the law that ex-
plains why wagons and reapers and rail-
roads and all these contraptions to save
work have been made. When any of us
have a job to do we study how to do it the
easiest. We don't always hit it, and some
seem to go plodding along doin' things by
the hardest. But the quicker witted a
man is—the more he uses his head—the
less he finds he will have to use his muscles in
gettin' what he is after; and it's just
as true of gettin' money as of anything
else.

We all want to get the most money
with the least amount of work—or you
may put it another way and get to the
same point by saying that we all want to
get the most money for what we raise.
Of course men are controlled in using their
power in makin' money by their bein'
able to do some things well and others not
at all, but each in his way obeys this law.
Nacherly, then, if everything is equal—
and men go into that work for which they are
best fitted; but if things ain't equal, if greater
advantages are given to some class of work, so
that work of that kind will bring more money,
men will be drawn to it an' away from the

work that is disadvantaged. For instance,
farmers shift their crops to those which
bring the most profit; go to pork when
that rises, or corn, or butter, or wool.

Now in this country, for a hundred
years, we have been worshipin' manufac-
turers. All the talk has been about en-
couragin' them. You never heard of a
man comin' inter the country and askin'
the community to give him a bonus if he
would go to farmin', but it's a common
thing in the towns for men to ask and get
a snug bonus for goin' to manufac-
turing. An' congress has caught the same fever,
and it acts au' talks as if it hadn't much of
anything else to do but think up ways to
encourage all kinds of manufac-
turers. They've advertised that the whole
United States was bound to give manufac-
turers more than their even chance,
according to Indian state law, to their wife,
children or nearest relatives. He has the
right to use all he can, but he must use it, and
on his abandonment another citizen can take
possession. This insures to every Cherokee
who is willing to work a certain home and a
certain remuneration for his labor. They
have availed themselves of this in proportion
to their intelligence, ambition and several
abilities. There is a constitutional provision
against unseemly speculation or monopoly of
improvements on the public domain.

Although this tenure of lands may seem
strange to those who have not seen its qualities
tested, it is a proposition which from a
public standpoint might well be argued as
superior to the for simple in the individual.

Rises Indeed.

From Lead a Hand.

One to a Pig, While His Nose Was Being Bored.

Robert Southey.
Hark! hark! that pig—that pig! the hideous note,
More loud, more dissonant, each moment grows—
Would one not think the knife was in his throat?
And yet they're only boring through his nose.

You foolish beast, so rudely to withstand
Your master's will, to feel such idle fears! Why, pig, there's not a lady in the land
Who has not also bored and ring'd her ears.

Pig! 'tis your master's pleasure—then be still,
And hold your nose to let the iron through
Dare you resist your lawful sovereign's will?
Rebellious swine! you know not what you do.

To man o'er every beast the power was given,
Pig, hear the truth, and never murmur more!

Would you rebel against the will of Heaven?
You impious beast, be still, and let them hear.

The social pig resigns his natural rights
When first with man he covenants to live;
He barter's them for safer stay delights,
For grains and wash, which man alone can give.

Sure is the provision on the social plan,
Secure the comforts that to each belong:
Oh, happy swine! the impartial sway of man
Alike protects the weak pig and the strong.

And you resist! you struggle now because
Your master has thought fit to bore your nose!

You grunt in flat rebellion to the laws
Society finds needful to impose.

Go to the forest, piggy, and deplore
The miserable lot of savage swine!

See how the young pigs fly from the great boar!

And see how coarse and scantly they dine.

Behold their hourly danger, when who will
May hunt, or snare, or seize them for his food!

Oh, happy pig! whom none presume to kill
Till your protecting master thinks it good!

And when, at last, the closing hour of life
Arrives for pigs must die as well as man,
When in your throat you feel the long sharp knife.

And the blood trickles to the pudding pan;

And, when at last, the death wound yawning wide.

Fainter and fainter grows the expiring cry,
Is there no grateful joy, no loyal pride,
To think that for your master's good you die!

MARY AND DICK.

Three years ago, when I was a delegate to the Central labor union, I was appointed on a committee to take charge of a strike of girl weavers employed in a silk factory on Forty-second street. My relations with the strikers were such that it was necessary that we should be more than acquainted—we should be confidential. In the course of this confidential acquaintanceship I met Mary, a very handsome girl of the Irish type. She was an active member of the weavers' striking committee, and through having often to meet together to discuss matters connected with the strike, it was but natural that a feeling of friendship should spring up between us.

Young women, when they feel that they are with male friends desiring to advance their interests, often throw aside their habitual reserve and tell their real thoughts and aspirations. These girl weavers were young women—were about the same as other young women—and among other interesting topics, they would talk about the young men of their acquaintance; and those who had "fellows"—or steady company—would talk about them. I wish to say here that these talks would go on when I was present just the same as if I had not been there. I was in no danger, for I had been captured years before. I will say for the girls, though, that whenever any, to my mind, more important matters were on hand, the "fellows" and the "steadies" were banished from the talks, and were not allowed to return until there was nothing else to talk about.

Mary had a "steady." The other girls knew him, and he used often to be brought up for discussion or dissection. He was a butcher, and his first name was Dick. "He was a nice fellow;" "he worked in his father's butcher store;" "he had a beautiful complexion;" "when any poor person bought meat of him, especially a poor woman, he was always pleasant and gave good weight;" a virtue, by the way, that butchers do not possess; "he had such a sweet mustache and laughing blue eyes;" "he didn't hang 'round corners of an evening;" "he liked to have fun, but took Mary along;" and so on, and so on. Evidently Dick was a paragon.

Hearing his praises song so often I could not but become curious about Dick myself, so I took the liberty once to ask Mary about him. She told me a whole mass of things about him—all good, of course—and I said I would like to see him some time. Mary said she would get him to come down to a meeting some night, when she would introduce him. I also got her to promise me an "invite" when the wedding should come off. Dick never came to any of the meetings, however.

In the course of time the strike ended, the girls being defeated, and we gradually drifted from each other's sight.

Probably a year had passed when I met Mary one evening on the Third avenue elevated road. She was working in a silk factory at Union Hill, New Jersey, but living in New York, up town. The work was "pretty fair," but she had to get up very early in the morning in order to be at the factory by seven o'clock, and she hardly ever got to her home before half past seven or eight at night. Yes, it was pretty hard work, and the earnings were small, and from five o'clock in the morning to eight o'clock at night was fifteen hours; but a girl must work; her earnings were needed to help support the house. No, she was not married yet.

"What has become of Dick—your Dick?"

He was still working with his father. "You see," she said, "we were to be married as soon as Dick's father took him into partnership. The business was good and growing; Dick's father and Dick were so nice that the customers kept increasing,

and Dick's father half-way promised that Dick should be made a partner last May. Before May came round, Dick's father's landlord raised his rent three hundred dollars. That made Dick's father decide to postpone the partnership affair, and now Dick and I must wait until the business is built up a little more, for that three hundred dollars' rise in the rent rather upset Dick's father. Oh, no, when I do get married I want you to be present."

One evening, some time after, perhaps nine or ten months, I was walking up Tenth avenue. Women and children were streaming from a large building—a factory. I was making my way against this human tide as best I could, when suddenly I heard my name called. I looked up, and there was Mary.

She was working in this factory now, and had just got through her day's work. Was "awfully glad" to see me. I turned back and walked with her to the corner, where she was to take a cross-town car. She had had to quit work at Union Hill on account of crossing the ferry twice a day and the walk from the landing to the factory during the cold weather. It had laid her up sick. The wages were not so good on Tenth avenue, but she didn't have to face the cold winds on the North river in winter, although she had to get up early to be in time for her work where she was now. She rode across in the Forty-second street cars to Second avenue and then walked to where she lived—Eightieth or Ninetieth street, I forget which. Why didn't she ride up Second avenue? That would cost five cents more, and she couldn't afford it. Up and down the ride would cost ten cents extra a day; that was sixty cents extra a week. No, she couldn't afford it, so she walked. Yes, she had to get up earlier on that account, but her mother needed that extra sixty cents to help keep up the house.

"Well, what has become of Dick?"

He was still working with his father. Dick said his father was feeling somewhat discouraged. Business was good in the butcher store, but it needed to be, for the rent had to be raised. "No, not again—oh! yes, I told you about it on Third avenue—but Dick's father told Dick that that rise of three hundred dollars had discouraged him. It seemed to him (Dick's father) that even if the business were to double he would get no good of it, because if it did so, it was more than likely that the landlord from whom he rented would raise him again next May."

What did Dick and his father intend to do? Well, Dick's father had told Dick that the best thing he could do would be to go down to Washington market and try to get a job there. Dick's father himself seriously thought of shutting up his store—in fact, said he would do it if his rent was raised again. "I don't know now," she said, sadly, "when Dick and I will get married. The time seems farther off than it did two years ago."

We had reached her corner by this time, and as I helped her on to the car, I jokingly said to her, "Don't forget that I am to be invited to your wedding!" She turned toward me and tears welled up into her eyes as she said: "I hope it will be soon, but I am afraid some one has set the day a long way off."

Three or four months ago some engagement called me up one evening to Third avenue and about Ninetieth street. I was a little ahead of my appointment, and was killing time looking in the shop windows and reading the signs, when I heard some one say "Good evening." There was Mary again, but this time she had an escort; and those who had "fellows"—or steady company—would talk about them. I wish to say here that these talks would go on when I was present just the same as if I had not been there. I was in no danger, for I had been captured years before. I will say for the girls, though, that whenever any, to my mind, more important matters were on hand, the "fellows" and the "steadies" were banished from the talks, and were not allowed to return until there was nothing else to talk about.

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time in a street car. The happy look was gone, and in its place was a haggard, pinched expression. She had got very thin. It seemed to me as if she had aged five years. I must confess that I was startled at her appearance. She did not see me until I spoke to her.

"What is the matter, Mary? Have you been sick?"

"No," she said despondently, "I haven't been sick, bodily; but I am sick at heart."

"What has happened? Oh, I see; you and Dick have had a quarrel. Is that it?"

"No."

"Anything the matter at home?"

"No."

"Well, then, what is the matter? The last time I saw you, when you were with Dick, you seemed to be perfectly happy. What has happened?"

"Well, you see, when you walked up the avenue with us that evening we told you that Dick was going on the park police and then we were going to get married."

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, he was sure he would pass the examination, and he did in all but one thing."

"And what was that, Mary?"

"He was half an inch too short."

W.M. McCABE.

Teaching that Teaches.

A correspondent in a large western city writes:

I was much interested in the letter from the teacher friend of August Lewis. I also realize how much is to be gained by interesting teachers. Six months ago I began talking the single tax to a teacher in our high school. The inclosed question paper on the subject of political economy, for the current high school examination, indicates the progress she has made and the method she has taken to sow the good seed:

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

1. Define value. Upon what does it depend? Give reasons why a laborer should have a share in the profits of a business.

2. Upon what is the right of property based? State your opinion of the right of private ownership in land. Define and illustrate.

3. What is price? Causes of fluctuations. What considerations affect the rate of wages?

4. Upon what does the rate of interest depend? Objections, if any, to usury laws.

5. Distinguish between money and credit. Name three uses and three abuses of credit.

6. Describe the banking system of the United States. What objections can be raised to it?

7. Are you in favor of protection or free trade? Give the strongest arguments in support of your opinion.

8. What are the principles of equitable taxation? What is Henry George's theory? Reasons for or against.

9. Difference between direct and indirect taxation? Which is the better? Why? Describe the operation of a "clearing house."

10. When is a strike justifiable? When is it wise? Has a man a right to interfere with the labor of another? What causes tend to promote differences between employers and employed?

First the Game, and Then the Crofters—*It English, You Know.*

Baltimore Sun.

A party of gentlemen went from this city yesterday morning on an inspection tour over the eastern shore with an ultimate purpose of making extensive land purchases for a shooting preserve. Prominent New York and Maryland sportsmen are interested in the enterprise. That section of the state has been selected in preference to localities in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania because of its climate, topographical and geographical advantages. One important feature in its favor is that while the weather is less severe, particularly in the spring, when the weather is less severe, it is more likely to be warm and dry. The climate is particularly suitable for shooting preserves, a breed of birds that is contemplated to raise in large numbers. This game will shelter aside logs, trees, and in holes, and be snowed in to die because unable to work their way through the surface, which generally freezes. As soon as suitable property can be obtained a club will be formed, with a local and visiting membership. All effort will be made to have increased transportation facilities, especially by steamers from here. Pleasant shooting will also be had in the fall, when the game in plenty is intended to be sold at the stock of Mr. Robert Garrett, from his country seat, Uplands, as well as from other sources, and the birds extensively.

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What was the reason that Social Conditions Make Wrong Doing a Condition of Existence?

James Payne.

I sometimes wonder—but always to myself, lest the susceptibilities of those who hold "whatever is, is right," should be wounded—whether it might not be of advantage to the human race if certain conditions given us for reflection. On the whole, the impulses of men are, at least, as good, as good as those of animals. The certain self-interest asserts itself more and more, the longer the opportunity that is afforded her to do so. How often do we say, "That is right," and then after a little thought—though the act remains as right as ever—"But is it expedient?" or, "Is it advantageous?" after which the good deed is postponed indefinitely. Where the question lies between "What is right?" and "What is pleasant?" to hesitate is indeed to be lost.

As soon as I got the opportunity I asked Mary what news she had. Oh, nothing new. She was still working on Tenth avenue. What were the prospects? "Splendid! As Dick."

I turned to Dick and asked him how he was getting along. Well, he hadn't been doing anything since his father closed up his business?

"What?" said I, "has your father closed out his business?"

"Yes; the landlord wanted a second rise; and the old man couldn't stand it."

"What are he and you doing now?"

PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

"I love THE STANDARD dearly," writes a lady from the Pacific coast, sending an order for a dozen recruit subscriptions. "I love THE STANDARD dearly. But dearly as I love it, and anxious as I am for its success, if the object of these recruit subscriptions were merely to get new subscribers for THE STANDARD I shouldn't send them. I couldn't afford it." And then our friend goes on to tell us that what she feels she ought not to afford for the paper, she is perfectly certain she ought to afford for the cause. "I want to make converts," she writes. "I want to bring people to see the truth as I see it. I want to hasten the coming of God's kingdom upon earth. And scanty as are my means I cannot afford not to spend money for such a purpose."

Do you catch our friend's idea? Do you see the thought in her mind? She has learned to look upon this paper of ours, not as an end, but as a means—as an instrument to be used in doing her work.

And, good readers of THE STANDARD, this is just the sort of interest we want you to take. THE STANDARD is your paper, published to aid you in your work, and can never fill its proper sphere of usefulness until you utilize it to the utmost. It can do good work for you if you will use it; its force will largely go to waste if you do not.

Have you ever considered what the duty is that you owe to the cause in which you are interested? It is very simple. The problem before us is to turn public opinion our way—to make people think as we do. We must make our converts one by one, and we must do this largely by individual effort, each one of us striving to bring into the fold his own little band of converts. Our anti-poverty societies, our tax reform associations, our land and labor clubs, our political organizations, our STANDARD, our tracts and other literature are all of them only means to this end— instruments which we can use to advantage if we will, or suffer to lie idle if we prefer. To win success each one of us must make himself a center of individual effort—must feel himself responsible for bringing in the men and women in his neighborhood and whom he knows.

All! if we would only do this, how soon would our triumph come! If each one of us would but number his friends and swear that he would know no rest and abate no effort until every one of them should be brought to our side! Who is there among us who couldn't attack a least half a dozen? And with each new convert fired in turn with the same missionary zeal, making himself the center of a new circle of effort—with the leaves of thought spreading and working more and more, day by day, through the whole lump of humanity—a single year would bring the victory.

Friends, the work is your work; the responsibility for its doing rests upon you; not one of you can evade his share. The tools are ready to your hands. Will you use them?

Pa.—Enclosed find \$2.50, for which continue my subscription to THE STANDARD. Every paper received in a literary feast. May God hallow the day when the ignorant people will get their eyes open.

E. —

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BIRMINGHAM, Ala.—There is a great field of usefulness for THE STANDARD here, and it shan't be my fault if it isn't worked for all it is worth, or pretty nearly. Our adversaries, the monopolists of earth, are working hard to help us. They are getting people into such a frame of mind that they really begin to see the cruel injustice of private land ownership for themselves without waiting for us to come and tell them about it.

I don't suppose there ever was a place where a man's labor ought to bring him in better returns than here. There are vast mineral deposits under ground, a fertile soil on top, and easy communication with the rest of the country. There is no limit to the wealth that labor might produce here. Yet, instead of labor being drawn here by high wages, we find capitalists urged to buy mining properties because labor is cheap, and we see men hunting for work in our streets, and tramps haled to our jails. Fancy tramps in Alabama!

Merchants ought to make money here, if anywhere in the world. There is an increasing population to be fed and clothed and housed, and our merchants ought to do an increasing and profitable trade. And they do do it too. They make stocks and cords of money, buying and selling. Only they're not allowed to keep it. Just as soon as merchant gets fairly established, has a good run of customers coming to his store, and begins to see money ahead of him, Mr. Landlord comes snoopin' around, trying to find out what he's making, and raises the rent on him just enough not to drive him out of business. A merchant said to me the other day: "Blamed if I ain't goin' to change my name and put out a new sign. This store is kept by Sponge & Co."

"What do you mean?" I asked him.

"Why," he said, "I been to work here more than a year, workin' early and late, makin' sacrifices, givin' folks bargains, and doing everything to draw trade to this stand. And now, when I've just ready to go in and make money—when I was calculate to fill myself full of profits next year—my landlord steps in and squeezes me tight until dry. He was here yesterday. Asked me if I wanted to stay another year. Said he was very sorry (an' he lied when he said it), but he had an offer for the place, and just about double my rent. If that ain't makin' a sponge outta a man, I don't know what is?"

I gave my merchant friend a few tracts and STANDARDs and a little straightforward talk. It didn't take five minutes for him to see the cat. Pussy jumped right into his lap and mewed so loud you might have heard her a mile off.

I inclose a list of recruit subscriptions and an order for some tracts and copies of "Protection or Free Trade?" Don't publish my name, for I'm a sponge myself and work for a sponge squeezer! If he found out what I am doing he'd give me one last squeeze and throw me away like a rotten orange. Yours for the cause.

E. —

That's the sort of a letter the publisher likes to get—pleasant to read, and pleasant to lay before the readers of THE STANDARD. Why don't we get more like it? This country of ours, whose boast it is that every man is guaranteed just as good a chance as every other man is full of Birmingham. There isn't a country village, there isn't a western prairie, where the voice of the great tax gatherer isn't heard, crying, "Come up here, you foolish sponges, and be squeezed." The farmer who works

his own acres and flatters himself that he pays tribute to no man, has to do the sponge act just the same as everybody else. When he buys a plow, a Pennsylvania mine owner takes a squeeze at him. When he builds a house, a timber monopolist compresses him, and a hundred other monopolists give him smaller pinches. When he sends his crops to the market—ah! then he gets a squeeze that makes him fairly rain his wealth for Mr. Squeezers benefit. His wife's dress pays tax to one monopolist. His children's shoes are taxed to benefit another. On everything he eats, and drinks, and wears, and buys, and sells, and wastes or uses, the tax gathers, public and private, lay their hands. The sponges are all around you, friends. Just look about your own neighborhood and let the rest of THE STANDARD readers know what squeezing system is most in vogue where you live. And don't imagine that in doing this you will merely gratify curiosity. By studying your own neighborhood you will learn its point of least resistance. You will find out how to approach your neighbors and how to talk to them so as to make the cat, as our Birmingham friend puts it, fairly jump into their laps.

And one thing more. When you write to THE STANDARD, always say whether you are willing that your name should be published or not. Let us use it if you can—a name stamps a letter with the writer's individuality, and so adds to its weight; but if for any reason you feel compelled to act the part of Nicodemus, be sure we will respect your wishes.

Here are our terms for subscriptions to THE STANDARD:

One subscription, one year,	\$2.50
One subscription, six months,	1.25
One subscription, three months,63
Three or more subscriptions:	
One year, each,	\$2.00
Six months, each,	1.00
Three months, each,50

After the first club of three has been sent, subsequent subscriptions may be forwarded at the same reduced rates.

Recruit subscriptions, for four weeks, will be received, singly or in clubs, to different addresses at fifteen cents each.

How many subscriptions have you sent us? How many have you a prospect of getting? How many have you tried to get? You needn't answer these questions to us. Answer them to yourself. And bethink you, while you are doing it, of what our California correspondent says in the letter quoted above. THE STANDARD is your instrument—one of the tools with which you must do your work. Nobody else can do your work for you; you must do it yourself, or suffer it to go undone.

Up, then, and be doing! Your field of labor is right before you—all around you. And the more unpromising it is, the greater the need that you should bestir yourself.

These recruit subscriptions, for example.

Why don't you use them more? Have you used them at all yet? Have all of your acquaintances been reached? Have your clergyman, your lawyer, your doctor, your storekeeper—even your landlord, why not?—been given a chance to learn the truth? If not, then your work is going undone.

And there is one suggestion the publisher would like to make about these recruit subscriptions. It may not be always safe or possible to let your friends know that you are having THE STANDARD sent to them, but whenever this can be done, it ought to be. A man will usually read a paper with twice the attention he might otherwise pay to it, if he knows it represents a friend's ideas. Even if he considers his friend's notions utter bosh, he will be apt to read nevertheless, if only for the purpose of confuting foolishness. And all we need ask him to do is to read. The rest will take care of itself.

The recruiting fund. That is another tool, which gathers more rust than it ought to. Its object is to furnish literature—tracts, books, and STANDARDs—to people who have the opportunity to distribute them, but can't afford to buy them. The fund has done good work in the past. It is doing good work now. It can do good work in the future. But see how slowly it grows. Think of all it might do, and how little it can do with its present feeble support. The fault is yours, STANDARD readers. The tool is idle because you don't use it, and for no other reason. Read the list of contributors for the week just past, and ask yourselves how many village churches there are in the United States that would not in a single week contribute more to send missionaries to the heathen than you are doing to aid in lifting the yoke of poverty from the necks of sixty millions of your fellow countrymen.

Friend.—What do you mean?

"Why," he said, "I been to work here more than a year, workin' early and late, makin' sacrifices, givin' folks bargains, and doing everything to draw trade to this stand. And now, when I've just ready to go in and make money—when I was calculate to fill myself full of profits next year—my landlord steps in and squeezes me tight until dry. He was here yesterday. Asked me if I wanted to stay another year. Said he was very sorry (an' he lied when he said it), but he had an offer for the place, and just about double my rent. If that ain't makin' a sponge outta a man, I don't know what is?"

The contributions to the recruiting fund for the past week have been:

J. Loeffner, New York	\$3.00
X. S. Friend	2.00
E. H. Chicago	5.00
Nicodemus again	1.00
Total for the week	\$12.00
Previously acknowledged	22.00
Total to date	\$34.00

Clipping a piece from Every Man's Blanket.

This wool tax is in spirit similar to the old law of England which, in order to encourage the sheep growers, provided that the dead should be buried in lime but wool shrouds. The old law, however, in this country, is much easier than was the old protectionist statute of England, inasmuch as the former seriously affects the living. To the dead it made no difference whether their shrouds were of wool or of any other fabric; but in a climate like that which prevails in most portions of this country multitudes of the living suffer in diminished health and comfort from the duties on wool. All the blessings that the tariff is imagined to confer on the growers of sheep cannot outweigh the real privations which the wool duties inflict upon the American people.

Why Not Stay East and Vote to Make It Easier to Get Land By Taxing the Kent.

Todd County, Minn., April 5.

The principal reason why ambitious young men do not want to farm in the eastern states is that the vocation there requires a heavy capital if the farmer wishes to own his farm. If he works as a renter he can get but little more than the lowest interest on his capital employed and laborer's wages for his work. Young men ambitious to engage in farming, come west!

LIFE ON THIRTY SHILLINGS A WEEK.

Miss Miranda Hill in the Nineteenth Century. People have been talking and writing on the subject of how to live on a moderate income. When I heard £700 a year treated as a small sum on which a family had to manage economically, the thought came to me: "And yet, what good and happy homes one knows of where the income can hardly be more than one-tenth of that, say £78, or 30s. weekly! Many working people manage on 30s. a week. How is it done?"

I determined to put down the details of the expenditure from one of my working friends and, thinking over those who were likely to be able to give me the information I wanted, I remembered one home specially, whose bright, cheerful aspect and well cared for children I had known for some years.

The father, John Howe, a Cumberland man, had been a farm laborer in his youth. He had taught himself to read and write after he grew up, had saved money out of his small earnings in order to apprentice himself to a trade, and, after having thus become a skilled workman, had married and come to London, where he had found regular employment.

The father of that family is a man who has solved the problem, "How to live on thirty shillings a week," I doubt not, said to myself, "and if he has, I know well that neither wife nor children have suffered stint, either mentally or bodily." I will ask him to tell me how he has managed his income."

So I called at his home—he occupies two rooms in a small street in the northwest of London—and asked his little daughter to tell him that I should be glad if he would call and speak to me in the evening when he came back from work. He did so and the following conversation took place between us:

—You can, perhaps, give me some information I want if you will. Some friends and I have been talking over the question of means and working people's earnings and spendings and have been wondering whether we could learn how a working man with a family manages on 30s. a week.

Friend.—I can pretty well tell you that, because that was near about what I spent when my wife was at home. (She is very ill just now and absent from home.)

—I spent about 30s. a week.

Friend.—Yes, about eight-and-twenty or thirty shillings.

—Did that include clothes and everything?

Friend.—Yes.

—But you sometimes earn more than 30s., don't you?

Friend.—Oh, yes; I earn a little more sometimes, but I don't spend it; I save it.

—Then I may reckon yours as an example of how a family can live on 30s. a week?

Friend.—You may.

—Then I will put down the items as you tell me. You won't object to my doing that, I suppose?

Friend (smiling).—Not at all. (Doubtfully)

You are not going to publish them with my name?

—Neither with your name nor without, if you object to it. But, to tell you the truth, I did want to make use of the facts you tell me for publication, if you don't mind.

Friend.—Oh, no, I don't mind.

—Then, first, as to food. What do you spend on meat?

Friend (promptly).—Four shillings a week.

—Four shillings a week! Why, that is just half what a working woman told me she should spend for a smaller family than yours.

Friend.—I dare say; but then she probably buys her meat about here, where it costs 7d. or 8d. per pound. I go down to the meat market, and at this time of year, when meat keeps well, I get in a week's supply. I can buy beautiful meat at 8d. or even 2s. 2d. per pound. I got a splendid piece of leg of mutton for 18d., for 3s. I buy a piece of the leg like that because I find it useful. I can get sirloin very cheap too at 5d. or 5s. per pound.

—Then, as to bread?

Friend (after some reflection and calculation).—Reckon ten of Neville's loaves a week, and that costs just 3s. 4d. a loaf.

—That makes 2s. 2d. I notice you say Neville's bread. You take that in preference to baker's bread?

Friend (smiling).—The baker's is generally cheaper to buy, but you eat more of it. It does not go so far as Neville's; so it is not cheaper in the end.

—And what do you reckon for flour?

Friend.—About two quarters in the week, at 6d. each.

These followed the estimate for groceries, milk and vegetables as given in the table below:

I asked about fruit.

Friend.—Oh yes. We spend a good deal on fruit in the summer—as much as 1s. 6d. a week perhaps. That's what the dour is just about the fruit puddings, you know.

—Then you must reckon for suet. Or do you get that with your meat?

Friend.—That comes with the meat. I never object to have a pound of nice white suet with the meat.

—And I suppose that, in winter, currants and raisins would take the place of the fresh summer fruit?

Friend.—Yes. They would. The estimate as to coal and paraffin was given with great promptitude and accuracy, as if the amount used was quite well known, only my friend struck the average of 30s. a week. Put down three pence a week for beef—that is 10s. 2d.

—Then do I understand that you take tea with dinner sometimes?

Friend.—Yes, if it is a cold dinner like that; and if the weather is too hot for us to bear the fire, then we have tea. But I don't take that cheap sugar. I don't approve of it. I take that at 3s. 4d. per pint. Put down three pence a week for beef—that is 10s. 2d.

—Friend.—Well, you know that—3s. 6d. a week.

—We must not forget school fees. How much are they?

Friend.—They are not much—only 1d. a week for each child at the board school.

—That makes 4d. And what about club fees? I know you belong to a provident society.

Friend.—Yes; the club money comes to a good deal. I pay 1s. 6d. a week. But I pay more because I did not join till I was forty. A youth of eighteen who joins pays only 9d. a week and gets all the privileges that I have.

—And what are the privileges?

Friend.—Twenty shillings a week during sickness for one year, and after that ten shillings a week as long as the illness lasts. There is a man in our society who has ten shillings a week for five years.

—And I think you told me once that there were some advantages of medical attendance for your family connected with your society, did you not?

Friend.—I did. The club doctor told me

that he would attend my wife and children whenever they needed it if I paid regularly £1. a week for the wife and 1s. 6d. for each child, if there were more than one who joined.